

# The Charleston Sentinel

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## Poetry.

### 'TIS ALL ONE TO ME.

A SONG BY A CONTENTED FELLOW.

Oh 'tis all one to me, all one,  
Whether I've money or whether I've none.

He who has money can buy him a wife,  
But he who has none can be free for life.

He who has money can trade if he choose,  
And he who has none has nothing to lose.

He who has money has cares not a few,  
And he who has none can sleep the night through.

He who has money can quit at the fair,  
And he who has none escapes from much care.

He who has money can go to the play,  
And he who has none at home can stay.

He who has money can travel about,  
And he who has none can do without.

He who has money can be coarse as he will,  
And he who has none can be easier still.

He who has money can drink the best wine,  
And he who has none with the goat will not pine.

He who has money the cash must pay,  
And he who has none must go the same way.

Oh, 'tis all one to me, all one,  
Whether I've money or whether I've none.

## Select Tale.

### JOHN OWEN'S APPEAL.

Although I have always been rather fond of reading, I have never tried my hand at writing anything but my accounts, or a short letter before in my life. I hope that the public will bear this in mind, and excuse whatever mistakes I may fall into, and perhaps a dull way of relating a story which I am sure a professional novelist would make very interesting. But a series of circumstances, involving a secret—I may say crime—came under my observation some ten years back that has lain heavy in my recollection ever since. I have never been able to impart it to any one who could afford me the slightest relief. Some people have discredited what I said; and others, who could have done much, have refused me any assistance; so that I have fallen into a way of brooding over this little history, which in reality is nowise particularly connected with myself.

Being a prosperous man, and having no special trials, thank God! since the time—now fifteen years ago—next Christmas—when I buried my little Mary, the only child I pleased God ever to give me, I dare say I have got more into a habit of thinking of the troubles of others than I should if I had had more at home to employ my thoughts. However that may be, I can't say it is that many a quiet evening, when I have cast up my accounts for the day, and had nothing to do except, perhaps, to look over the paper again, or to go a visiting, I have, instead, fallen into a fit of musing on those past events, and got so unhappy with dwelling on the wrongs I could not pursue, that afterward I could scarcely sleep for sorrow and indignation. I don't know when it was that I first came into my head that it would do me any good to write this out; but when once the idea suggested itself, it grew upon me until it seemed a sort of duty to inform the public of these facts, and thus make one more attempt to obtain justice. Hoping, therefore, that this simple narrative may meet the eye of some person both able and willing to do what little can now be done to redress past wrong, I beg, with another apology for my poor scholarship, to begin my story.

I am a baker by trade, and my name is John Owen. Some people have jeered me by saying I ought to have been called "John Knevin," because I have managed in the course of thirty years' devotion to my business, to accumulate a little fund of money, however, I never mind this joking, as my conscience is witness I never earned a penny otherwise than honestly, and Owen is a good Welsh name, of which no one need be ashamed. But that is neither here nor there, and has small relation to what I had to say, only that it seemed proper to state this about myself for the better comprehension of what follows.

My shop is in a good position, on the corner of Sixth Avenue and Decatur Street. Since the first morning that I took down the shutters from the front windows, where I had carefully arranged a tempting show of cakes and bread, I have been fortunate enough always to have a good run of customers; but although many of them have been excellent friends of mine, none of them ever interested me as much as the young girl who is the heroine of my story.

The first time I ever saw her was on a rainy December afternoon, just five years to the day from the time when we buried our little Mary. I remembered the anniversary very well, and always celebrated it by making an extra quantity of bread, and sending it out to the poor families in the neighborhood. But now the day's work was pretty much over, and I was sitting thinking sadly of how desolate our home would always be, when the door opened, and a little, light bit of a young girl came in. She evidently had no umbrella, and her poor scant dress was quite wet; there was a dingy old shawl wrapped about her shoulders, and on her head she had a hood of faded silk. Altogether there was poverty written all over her figure, and I do not know that I should have noticed her any more than many other such poor creatures I saw every day, only that, as she came forward into the light of the one gas burner I had started to shed some brightness on the dull afternoon, it struck me that she was just about fifteen—the age our Mary would have been had it pleased God to spare her to us. Then, although our little girl was fair—and I am not sure she would ever have been pretty—and this stranger was dark, with eyes like blackberries, cheeks with a lovelier color than I ever saw before or since, and although decidedly handsome, it seemed to me, oddly enough, that there was a strange likeness about her to our lost child. Since then I have discovered that it was in the mouth; both girls had full red lips, and it was in the expression that hovered around them that the resemblance lay.

The little maiden advanced to the counter, and putting out a small brown hand from under her shawl, laid down a sixpence and asked for a loaf of bread.

I took down one of my large shilling loaves, and, pushing back the money, I said, "There is your bread, my dear; but I don't want to be paid for it."

At the sound of my words she looked up quickly, and hesitated a moment; then she answered, "If you please, Sir, I had rather you would take the sixpence."

"No," replied I, firmly, "not to-night; to-morrow, if you want bread, you may come here and buy it; I won't refuse your money; but to-day is one of my anniversaries, when I never allow any one but my old customers to pay me."

She looked a little surprised at this explanation; but her face was very innocent, and so I think she was satisfied, for she said simply, "Very well, Sir, if you say so; but I am greatly obliged to you."

Then, with a grave little courtesy, she put the loaf under her shawl and hurried away.

When she was gone I felt vexed at myself that I had not done more than give her the bread; it seemed as if I ought to have detained her and asked her some questions, and not let her go out again in the rain. I mentioned this fact to my wife, and she quite agreed with me as to what I should have done. So that I determined, if I ever saw the pretty stranger again, to find out something more about her.

It was two days before she reappeared in my shop; then she came in at the same hour as at first, that is, late in the afternoon; but it was bright and pleasant. There were several people in the store; and although I did not know but she had on just the same clothes she wore before, there was so much more of an air of neatness about her dress that it seemed as if it would be a sort of insult to address her as a beggar. So I merely gave her the bread, taking the money she offered; though I said to her, as I tied up the bread, "You'll be here again, won't you?"

"Yes, Sir; I am to come every other day for a loaf."

This satisfied me that I should see her, and made my mind a little more easy, as I thought her answer implied that she might perhaps be in the employ of some decent family.

So it happened that a week passed and I had no chance to talk with her, until one afternoon, when it was snowing so furiously that even the busy avenue was almost empty of people on foot, when she came in. I knew it was her day to be there; but I had hoped she would not come, it was so very stormy and cold. When the poor maiden entered, she was quite wet and dripping, and seemed even more poverty stricken than the first time I saw her. I came forward quickly to meet her, saying, "My dear little friend, you must be very much chilled. Take off your damp hood and come to the fire."

"Thank you, Sir," she answered, smiling, and without that quick look of suspicion that one so often sees in city-bred children. She obeyed my suggestion by laying off the ragged covering that hung around her pretty head. As she did so I saw that her hair, which was quite black, curled in a nice, natural sort of a way, adding to the young beauty of her face; and I thought what a very dangerous thing it was for one so unprotected to possess such a charm in this wicked city. As I drew her toward the stove, and opened the door a bit, the better to warm her little cold feet, I said, "Sit down here a while. I want to ask you a few questions, if you will let me."

She looked at me as I spoke in a startled sort of a way, that was oddly in contrast with her late trustfulness, but as she said nothing I went on— "What is your name?"

"Susan," she answered, readily enough.

"Susan what?"

"I can't tell you. Please don't ask me anything more. I am much obliged to you, but I had better go."

She uttered all this very rapidly, and in a frightened tone, at the same time getting up from the chair I had placed for her, and putting out her hand for the hood. I was a good deal disappointed at this want of confidence; but I saw that she was distressed, so I only said,

"Don't be troubled, Susan, I won't ask you any more questions if you don't like it; but sit down again, and warm yourself a bit longer."

"Thank you, Sir; but indeed I had better go."

She was evidently still very uneasy. I had somehow aroused her fears, and all I could do was to tell her, in a bustling sort of a way, that I only wanted to find out about her because I took an interest in her, and that I hoped she would continue to come to the shop just the same.

"Yes, Sir, I should like it if you will let me; I had rather come here than anywhere else, you are so kind."

She spoke very simply and earnestly, with the distrustful look all gone out of her pretty young face. My heart warmed toward her so much that I felt very badly to think of her going out in the increasing snow and darkness, and I could not help saying, as I went to the door with her,

"Take good care of yourself, my child—this is a bad city for you to be out alone in."

She looked at me as if she hardly understood what I meant, and then, with a pleasant smile, bade me "Good-night," and tripped lightly away down the dull street.

When she was gone I felt to puzzling myself with all sorts of useless conjectures as to what could be the motive for her strange secrecy. I was even sometimes tormented by a dreadful suspicion as to what her occupation might be; then, when I thought of her innocent look, and her pretty, gentle way of speaking, I put the idea of shame as attached to her from me as an impossibility. Finally I worried about it in a restless sort of way that made me quite miserable.

It happened that my wife was away for two days visiting a cousin in the country. I always had an uneasy wretched feeling when she was absent, and I dare say this helped to increase my annoyance.

When she came home the next day one of my first acts was to tell her about Susan. She quite shared my solicitude, for she was almost as much interested in her as I was myself; but she scornfully repelled the thought of sin as associated with her, saying

with womanly pride in her own superior powers of questioning, that 'she would find out something from her that she would promise.' However, although the next time Susan came my good woman coaxed her into her own little parlour, and said, I have no doubt, everything that was kind and motherly to her, she succeeded no better than I had done, only frightening the poor little thing that she began to cry.

However, she was very easily comforted by promises of future silence, and seemed to bear no malice for what must have been an annoyance. My wife would like to have given her a small sum of money, but Susan resolutely declined it, though soon afterwards accepted a warm woolen cloak, which, in fact, must have been more comfortable than her former shawl.

After this two or three weeks passed without any occurrence of interest. Susan came regularly every other day, and got to be the best of friends both with my wife and myself. She always came at the same time, that is, late in the afternoon, but we could never persuade her to stay more than half an hour.

Once we asked her to take dinner with us, but she was so frightened at the request, that we never liked to repeat it. Sometimes we succeeded in inducing her to take a small present; and we had thus given her a warm staff dress and a neat plain hat, so that she had a far more decent appearance than when we first saw her. Perhaps it was that her pretty face was thus set off to better advantage than formerly; but I very soon began to notice that she never came in or went out of the shop without attracting more attention from any idle loungers there might be about than was best for so friendless a girl.

I cannot remember when I first began to remark that there was one young man who was quite constant in his attendance at a neighboring grocery at about the same hour of the day that Susan came for bread. He was a good looking fellow, I can't deny, and had that sort of air about him that made me feel that he was probably far more at home on the fashionable avenue next to us, than in what I dare say he considered our vulgar street. Yet, in spite of his genteel appearance, there was a sort of expression on his face that I did not like—a certain dissipated recklessness that was very disagreeable to me, from the first time I saw him looking with his eyes at our little forlorn Susan.

It was not long before it came to be a regular thing for him to stand in the door of the grocery smoking until she passed, and then for him to lounge idly up and down before my shop all the time she was in it. I did not say anything to Susan about him, because I feared it might uselessly alarm her; I was, therefore, greatly startled, when one evening that she had left the store later than usual, and I went to the door to watch her, as I often did, I saw him join her about a block off, and accompany her down the avenue.

I was exceedingly troubled at this, more so than I can express. I felt that it meant no good to this pretty little girl, to have a strange young man, with such a face and that stylish appearance I have mentioned, following her. What honest purpose could such a man have toward a poor young girl like Susan? I really felt almost as anxious during the next two days as if it was a child of my own that was in danger, and was vastly relieved when she came in again, looking as innocent and happy as usual. Glancing outside, I saw the disagreeable man standing on the corner smoking complacently. Upon this I could not forbear drawing Susan into the back part of the shop, and there saying to her very earnestly,

"Who was that young man who walked home with you the last time you were here?"

A bright red color came all over her cheeks and forehead; but she answered in a straight-forward way, though with a tremulous voice,

"He says his name is Robert Dare."

"Is he a friend of yours?"

"Yes—no—that is, he says he is."

She hesitated more than ever, and became exceedingly embarrassed.

"Susan," said I, gravely, "don't you know that it is very dangerous to make friends with strange young men? How could you let him go home with you, when you would never allow me, although I would be a proper protector, to go even a little way?"

"Indeed, Sir," she answered, quickly, "he did not go home with me; he only went a square or two. He does not know where I live any more than you do; and I am sure, Mr. Owen, you are a better friend than he, and I would much rather tell you if I could."

The tears came into her eyes as she spoke, and I felt vexed with myself for distressing her with my suspicions. So I only added,

"My dear Susan, I do not intend to find fault with you, only I want to warn you to be very careful."

Her tears were quickly dried, and she was soon smiling as brightly as before. She was such a child, poor simple thing!—so confiding, so easily pacified and amused!

Another week passed. Robert Dare continued to hang about the grocery, and Susan made her regular visits. I did not see them together again, but I had a sort of undefined suspicion that they did meet, though I said no more to her about him, through fear of wounding her. My mind was, therefore, greatly relieved when he disappeared from her post, and for a whole fortnight was nowhere seen. During that time Susan came and went as usual; and my fears being set at rest by the absence of that sinister man, I grew to love very tenderly this innocent little girl, who, as we thought, became daily more like our lost darling. Her confidence seemed to increase constantly, and my wife and I were sanguine that some day she would explain the mystery that surrounded her. If she could only be induced to do this, we were not without a hope that she might be persuaded to leave her home, which must be a wretched one, and come to cheer our lonely house with her bright young presence. Regarding her in this light, it is difficult for me to express how dear she was to us, and how we prized her visits during that tranquil time.

It was a disagreeable March day—how well I remember the sullen look of the earth and the sky! when Robert Dare came back.

[To be Continued.]

## What Mr. Russell says of the Southern Army.

The special correspondent of the Times (Mr. Russell) writes now from Charleston, where he has been inspecting the condition of Fort Sumter. He attributes the success of the attack to the skill of General Beauregard, and the peculiar position of Major Anderson, who was obliged to witness with impunity the preparation of his adversaries.

Had Major Anderson maintained a well regulated fire on the enemy the moment they began to throw up their batteries and prepare Fort Moultrie against him, he could have made their progress very slow and exceedingly laborious, and have marked it at every step with blood. His command over the ground was very decided, but he had, it is to be supposed, no authority to defend himself in the only way in which it could be done. "Too late," that fatal phrase—was the echo to every order which came from the seat of Government at Washington. Meantime the South Carolinians worked at their batteries, and were soon able to obtain cover on the soft sandy plains on which they were planting their guns and mortars. They practised their men at the guns, stacked shot and shell, and furnished their magazines, and drilled their raw levies with impunity within 1400 yards of the fort.

Mr. Russell thus speaks of the appearance of the men of the South:—

"The physique of the troops is undoubtedly good. Now and then, under-sized, weakly men may be met with, but the great majority of the companies consist of rank and file exceeding the average stature of Europeans, and very well built and muscular. The men run very large down here. Nothing, indeed, can be more obvious when one looks at the full-grown, healthy, handsome race which developed itself in the streets, in the bar-rooms, and in the hotel halls, than the error of the argument, which is mainly used by the Carolinians themselves, that white men cannot thrive in their state. In limb, figure, height, weight, they are equal to any people I have ever seen, and their features are very regular and pronounced. They are, indeed, as unlike the ideal American of our caricaturists and our stage as is the 'nigger' of the Porte St. Martin to the English gentleman. Some of this superiority is due to the fact that the bulk of the white population here are in all but name aristocrats, or rather oligarchs. The state is but a gigantic Sparta, in which the holiness is marked by an unadmitted difference of colour and race from the masters. The white population, which is not land and slave holding and agricultural, is very small and very insignificant. The masters enjoy every advantage which can conduce to the physical excellence of a people and to the cultivation of the graces and accomplishments of life, even though they are rather disposed to neglect purely intellectual enjoyments and tastes. Many of those who serve in the ranks are men worth £5000 to £10,000 a year—at least so I was told—and men were pointed out to me who were said to be worth far more. One private feeds his company on French pâtés and Madeira, another provides his comrades with unlimited Champagne, most grateful on the arid sandhills; a third, with a most soldierly view to their permanent rather than occasional efficiency, purchases for the men of his 'guard' a complete equipment of English rifles. How long the zeal and resources of these gentlemen will last I need not be easy to say. At present they would prove formidable to any enemy except a regular army on the plain and in the open, but they are not provided with field artillery or with adequate cavalry, and they are not accustomed to act in concert and in large bodies."

Gen. Beauregard is thus described:—

"Any one accustomed to soldiers can readily detect the 'red article' from the counterfeiter, and when General Beauregard stood up to welcome us it was patent he was a man capable of greater things than taking Sumter. He is a squarely built, lean man, of about forty years of age, with broad shoulders and legs 'made to fit' a horse, of middle height and his head is covered with thick hair, cropped close, and showing the bumps which are reflective and combative, with a true Gallic air at the back of the skull; the forehead, broad and well developed, projects somewhat over the keen, eager, dark eyes; the face is very thin, with very high cheekbones, well shaped nose, slightly aquiline, and a large, rigid, sharp-pointed mouth, set above a full fighting chin. In the event of any important operations taking place, the name of this officer will, I feel assured, be heard often enough to be my excuse for this little sketch of his outward man."

A man's force in this world, other things being equal, is just in the ratio of the strength and force of his heart. A full-hearted man is always a powerful man—if he be erroneous he is powerful for error; if the thing is in his heart, he is sure to make it notorious, even though it be downright falsehood. Let a man be ever so ignorant, still, if his heart is full of love to the cause, he becomes a powerful man for that object; because he has heart-power heart-force.

The pride and indolence of the human spirit lead it constantly to build systems on imperfect knowledge. It has the trick of filling up out of its own fancy what it has not the diligence, the humility and the honesty to seek in nature.

There is a perennial nobleness and even sacredness in work. Were he never so blighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness there is perpetual despair. Work, never so Mammoneish, mean, is in communication with nature. The real desire to get work done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth.

Dr. Johnson most beautifully remarks, that "When a friend is carried to his grave, we at once find excuses for every weakness, and palliations of every fault; we recollect a thousand endearments, which before glided off our minds without impression, a thousand favors unrepaid, a thousand duties unperformed, and wish, vainly wish, for his return; not so much that we receive, as that we may bestow happiness, and recompense that kindness which before we never understood."

God often lets us stumble, to put us on our guard against a fall.

## Items, Foreign & Local.

Colonel Austin, who was elected to the command of the British Company of New York, has thrown his commission up and returned to New York. The oath of allegiance to the Federal Government was required, and refused by the British officers because it involved denial of their being subjects of England.

The present population of Glasgow, including the suburbs of Patrick, Govan, Hill-Head, Paisley road, &c., amounts to 446,395. In 1851, the population of the same districts was 300,138. The increase therefore is 86,257.

Upwards of 500 ladies have applied at the State House, in Boston, for permission to serve as nurses at the seat of war.

One company of the Ohio regiment, which is now encamped below Philadelphia contains sixteen brothers. Their names are Fisch. They were all born in Germany.

A correspondent of the Halifax Reporter says, that an explosion occurred in the old pits at the Albion Mines, at Pictou, last Friday evening, by which three men and seventeen horses were instantly killed. Another explosion is apprehended.

By the recent census, the population of Nova Scotia is ascertained to be about 330,000. It has increased nearly 54,000 since 1851.

A Paris correspondent says that a large number of French officers, who complain of the slow promotion in their own army, have written to the American Minister at Paris, asking for service in either of the two armies of America.

The wealth of the Rothschilds is estimated at 800,000,000 francs, a sum that in gold would task the strength of 50 horses to draw it.

There are fifty-four Crimean veterans in the N. Y. 69th regiment. Col. Austin's British Regiment has also a large number on its roll.

Prince Louis of Hesse-Darmstadt, the intended husband of the Princess Alice of England, is described as a serious young man, with decided religious tendencies, and known at home for works of piety and benevolence.

The Southerners are fast making preparations to manufacture their own paper, type, ink and presses, so as not to be any longer dependent upon the North for these things.

According to the recent census the population of the Canadas is 2,700,000.

In Bologna, one of the strongholds of Romanism, a Protestant has purchased the palace of Pope Sixtus V., and fitted up the Pontifical chapel for Protestant worship, in which a clergyman has officiated for four months, collecting around him a small evangelical community.

The Prince of Wales is to spend a part of the summer at the Camp at the Curragh of Kildare in order to receive military training. He will be attached to the Grenadier Guards.

Baron de Rothschild one of the famous London Bankers, is now in the United States.

A man falling down in a fit in the bar-room of a well known sporting house in New York, the other day, was immediately offered and taken as to his living or dying. A physician who had been called in was about to bleed the sufferer, when one of the parties to the wager interfered, saying that any action taken in the matter would affect the bet. "The man must live or die as he laid."

Douglas Jerrold's grave, at Norwood, has had a fine slab of marble placed above it, bearing the following inscription:—"To Douglas William Jerrold. Died June 7th, 1857. An English writer, whose works will keep his memory green better than any epitaph."

Lady Franklin is now in British Columbia, enjoying excellent health.

There are nearly thirty thousand blind people in Great Britain.

The Prince Albert prize medal offered by the University of Cambridge, England, for the encouragement of English poetry, on the subject of "The Prince of Wales at the Tomb of Washington," has been adjudged to Frederic W. H. Myers, of Trinity College.

The chief editors of the three most prominent Journals in Paris—the Journal des Debats, the Presse, and the Sigle—are Protestants.

The Spanish Government have agreed to pay the Baptist Missionary Society \$7,500 as compensation for the loss of property which it sustained by its expulsion from Fernando Po.

The plan of propelling letters and small parcels by atmospheric traction, through underground tubes, has been tried with success; and in the course of a few months, Paris will have a fourfold network of tubing under ground—one for the sewerage, one for the water, one for the gas, and one for the penny-post and parcels delivery. It will not be long before this invention is established in London.

In Belgium, the Government has ordered the construction of some railway carriages for the special conveyance of sick persons, which contain a suitably furnished bed chamber, provided with special conveniences for those who may be suffering from broken limbs.

For ninety days, during the suspension of launching the Great Eastern, she was suspended on two cradles 110 feet apart, and yet she was deflected only half an inch from her true lines. This afforded evidence of her vast strength.

The London Times, on secession, states the South have "the less worthy cause, and the weaker arm."

Blondin, of Niagara celebrity, will arrive in England on the 22nd of May, and make his first ascent at the Crystal Palace shortly after that date.

Persons posting letters addressed to any place in the Province, should remember that such letters are required by law to be post paid.

Captain Tattall commander of the Confederate Southern Navy at Charleston is the person who assisted the British fleet when repulsed in its first attack on the Peiho.

It is stated that the Canadian Parliament will be dissolved the first week in July.

A Nashville, Tenn., paper begs the patriotic ladies of the place to do their shopping in the morning so as to allow the soldier clerks time in the afternoon to drill.

## General News.

AMERICAN AFFAIRS.—We write our readers against placing implicit reliance in the accounts of the civil war which come by telegraph. We have private letters from Charleston and New Orleans, and we have others from St. Louis and Baltimore, which put a very different face on matters from that given by the telegraphic despatches. They all represent the feeling in the South as one of the most intense hatred towards the North; they speak of the Baltimoreans as outraged by the presence of so many detested Massachusetts soldiers; they express the utmost confidence in the ultimate victory of the South, and they make light of the blockade, and of the chance of servile insurrection.

The telegraph wires all pass through the Northern States. The press despatch published this morning shows how the administration controls the lines. And under these circumstances there is more faith to be placed in one letter than in half a dozen telegrams. While the telegraphic despatches from New York indicate nothing but ardor for war, private advices represent the people even there as tired of the contest, which can lead to nothing but discontent and disaster. Already are the Democrats of the North beginning to argue among themselves that a strong central Government is not what they have been advocating. Already are the sympathizers with the South beginning to multiply. Already, before the first battle, are the spirits of the Northerners beginning to sink.—Meanwhile, both in the North and the South, republican institutions are failing and the advocates of a change, to a dictatorship if not to a monarchy, are gaining ground.—Quebec Paper.

THE TANGIER GOLD MINES.—There is a good deal of excitement in Nova Scotia about the Tangier Gold Mines. That gold exists in that region is beyond a doubt, but whether in quantities sufficient to remunerate the miner is a question. The editor of the Halifax Chronicle has visited the locality and the following are his views upon the subject:—

"Those who imagine that gold can be procured in abundance at Tangier, by every one who takes a fancy to visit that locality in search of the precious metal, should go and see for themselves. There they will find some three to four hundred people at work—most of them laboring much harder and steadier than on the farm, the workshop, or in the prosecution of the fisheries; and only some ten or a dozen of the entire number earning even ordinary wages. It is true that the fortunate few have realized a considerable sum for the gold they have dug; but divide the whole amount over the whole party at work at the mines, and it would not, in our opinion, pay for the provisions they daily consume. We ourselves saw a party at work, some seven or eight of the ablest and hardest working men on the ground, who at the end of ten days returned home disappointed, not having discovered, during that period, a dollar's worth of gold among them. And then a few yards distant, we beheld on the same land, there were three men at work who were earning their twenty dollars a day each, and with every prospect of the vein holding out, if not improving, as they worked downwards."

We were convinced, from all we saw, that although individuals, or small companies, with limited means, might succeed at Tangier, the chances are much against them, and that if they have any other means of livelihood they should not go to the mines. But, on the other hand, we are by no means sure that a large party, with abundance of capital and the necessary mining appliances, skillfully directed on a large area, could do better than direct their energies to the digging of gold at Tangier. We know that the precious metal, except in many rare instances, has only been procured in California and Australia, in large quantities, by digging hundreds of feet into the bowels of the earth, and after the expenditure of a vast amount of labour. Where the same means used at Tangier, it is highly probable they would be attended with the like results, but to expect much from diggings, the deepest of which are now less than ten feet, is simply preposterous. We have no wish to dissuade our fellow-countrymen from going to the mines properly equipped; but we desire to warn those too sanguine temperaments, who, without means and skill, go to the diggings, fancying that gold can be procured at Tangier almost without an effort—nine out of ten of whom are sure to be disappointed."

A CONFEDERATE PAPER TO BE STARTED IN LONDON. The Southern Commissioners in London are said to be making arrangements for the establishment of a newspaper in London, to represent and speak for Southern interests in the British metropolis. Dudley Mann is spoken of as editor, at first. The declared purpose of the enterprise is to disseminate information regarding the border and Cotton States and to make common cause with England for the extension of the policy of free trade. Its name is to be "The Confederate Union."

We have a great improvement in photography, by its combination with lithography. The new art is called photo lithography. It has been brought to perfection by Mr. William Tovey, an Englishman residing in Brussels and brother to the celebrated painter in water-colours. A patent has been obtained for France, and it seems likely to give a great impulse to business as well as to art. By the process adopted, the object to be represented is photographed at once on the stone, and thus the intermediate operations are avoided.

## TIMBER AND DEAL TRADE.

(From A. F. & D. Mackay's Timber Circular.)

N. B. & N. S. Pine and Spruce Deals.—Since our last circular was issued several cargoes of St. John's pine have been sold by private treaty, and also by auction, at prices ranging from 48 1/2 to 48 1/2 to 48 1/2. In respect to St. John's pine deals, which have so long sustained a deservedly high character in this market, it is desirable again to remind shippers that, to maintain this position, a careful selection and rigid adherence to classification are indispensable. If assorted and unseasonable deals being mixed with those of good quality have the effect of reducing the character of the whole to the lower level, besides depreciating the general estimation in which these favorite articles are held. As we urged in our last, a judicious selection, careful manufacture, and proper seasoning of the deals before they are shipped, will be found in the end the best means of ensuring a fair remunerative price and a ready sale.